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LVMINA



St. Ignatius College : : : : Cleveland, Ohio

Volume One

Number Three

February Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen

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Right Reverend Monsignor O'Reilly, D. D., V. G.

Right Reverend Monsignor O'Reilly, D. D., V. G.

THE appointment on Monday, January 24th, 1916, of Right Reverend Monsignor Thomas C. O'Reilly, D.D., to the office of vicar-general to our right Reverend Bishop, reflects honor upon our Alma Mater through one of her distinguished alumni. In entering this new position, Monsignor O'Reilly succeeds the late Msgr. Boff, of revered memory.

Monsignor O'Reilly was born on February 22nd, 1873. It has been noticed as a peculiar coincidence that our present vicar-general was ushered into life on the anniversary of the birth of our nation's first President. He received his primary education in St. Patrick's parochial school, where he left a lasting impression on his teachers and his companions. In the fall of 1889, he entered St. Ignatius College, where he soon became conspicuous not only for his industry and application to study, but for his cheerful and winning traits of character. When the Sodality of Mary was inaugurated at the college he became a member, and has the distinction of being the first Prefect.

After graduation in 1893 he entered St. Mary's Seminary, whence he was later sent to Rome, and there promoted to the holy priesthood. On his return to this country, he served in the capacity of professor at St. Mary's Seminary from 1901 to 1906. Then Bishop Farrelly called him to assume the duties of Chancellor of the diocese. Two years ago his zeal in the service of the Church brought from Rome the title of Monsignor.

We, the student body, feel it a signal honor that Monsignor O'Reilly is one of us. His enthusiasm in whatever he undertakes, and his never flagging perseverance will always be as beacons to us through the ways we all must walk. We sincerely hope that the distinctions Monsignor O'Reilly has already won are but foreshadowings of higher honors that are to follow.

Preparedness

MUCH has been said and written in the last few months concerning preparedness. Added impetus has been given the matter by the recent speaking tours of our president, in which he exposed our national helplessness and emphasized the need for proper preparation for war. Nor does Mr. Wilson stand alone in advocating a change in our military program. This question has called forth unbounded eloquence in the halls and chambers of Congress; many-columned articles, both for and against it, have appeared in newspapers and periodicals of local as well as national circulation; it has become a question of burning interest to the banker and the laborer, to the savant and the sciolist;—all, in short, have realized that this is a subject that concerns the interests, not merely of a single state or group of states, but those of the entire nation.

When Major-General Wotherspoon, Chief of Staff and virtual head of the United States army, made his report to Congress on November 15th, 1914, he tore the veil from the eyes of the American people. For the first time our real unpreparedness for war was brought home to us. The European war had then been raging about three months, and, seeing the tremendous strides made by transatlantic nations in military science, an examination was made to determine our own standing in comparison with theirs.

It has always been the great illusion of us Americans that we are superior in arms to any nation on this earth. Looking merely to the glories of our past history seemed to confirm this idea; and we have dreamed a dream of martial security that would have done justice to an unsophisticated idealist. We saw Trenton, and Saratoga, and Yorktown,—three splendid victories in those dark days of revolution. The war of 1812 came, and for the second time mighty England was forced to bow before us. We humbled Mexico in '48. The Civil War and the war with Spain,—they, too, were ours, and we looked upon ourselves as unconquerable. Lifting our heads to the stars in our foolish pride, we cajoled each other with the thought: "We are invincible!" These words were deeply graven in the heart of every

one of us, and we reared our children, and still are rearing them, in the shadow of this same fallacy.

Now, however, we are disillusioned. General Wother-
spoon's report has shown us the pitiable condition of our army
and navy, and it has brought us to realize at last our impotence
as a fighting power. Animated, therefore with sentiments wholly
patriotic, Representative Gardner of Massachusetts has been
urging Congress to pass laws that will place our fighting efficiency
on a par with that of the nations of Europe; and the only way we
can do this, he affirms, is by increasing our army and navy.

But how shall this be done? Who shall guide us in so im-
portant a step? Let us consider, for a moment, the words of
President Wilson. He says:

"We must depend, in time of national peril, in the
future as in the past upon a citizenry,
trained and accustomed to arms."

Can *this* be done with safety? Can we depend upon a mere
citizenry, and nothing more? Such a course of action, it is true,
has been successful in the past, but who shall guarantee that it
will again prove successful in the future?

It is just one hundred years since we were last called upon
to resist actual invasion by a foreign foe. What a difference
those years have wrought! Consider the changes that have come
over our own country in the course of that one century. The
immense strides that have been made in territorial expansion;
the increase and spread of learning, of agriculture, of commerce;
the changes that have been produced by scores of inventions, by
rapid transit, by electricity—all these we shall pass over without
comment, turning our attention instead to the transformation that
has come over the people themselves.

One hundred years ago we were a nation of hunters, of
farmers, of pioneers. Today we have farmers, but not pioneers.
We are a race of office-workers, miners, rail-roaders, and dwell-
ers in cities. Where formerly the sharp ring of the ax was the
only sound that broke the sylvan quiet there now resounds the
shrill screech of the locomotive or the incessant droning of a shop
or factory. Where formerly men were engaged in pursuits that
tended to develop their physical powers, they now find employ-
ment in cramped and narrow offices and stores, the hardy back-

woodsman with his outdoor life having been supplanted by the puny scholar and still more puny clerk. We are toilers, as were they, but we lead no out-door lives, nor are we sharpshooters. Where, then, are we to find a citizenry "trained and accustomed to arms?" There are certain laws in the statutes of our municipalities that prohibit the unnecessary discharge of fire-arms within the limits of those said municipalities. Such laws make it impossible, or at least extremely difficult, for the average city-dweller to acquire proper skill in the handling of the rifle or the revolver. In order, therefore, to obtain the requisite target practice to enable them to shoot, with sufficient accuracy, our city men would have to betake themselves to rural surroundings where there would be less likelihood of their disturbing the peace. With most people, owing to the time or the money involved, this latter course would be out of the question entirely. Therefore, where can our citizens train themselves in the use of fire-arms? Where, in time of war, are we going to obtain an army of citizens accustomed to the handling of the rifle or the revolver? Are our warriors going to spring out of the earth as they did at the command of Cadmus? Or shall they go forth to battle, invincible as was Roland, or, like Achilles, invulnerable? Hardly, we must admit.

Suppose, however, that we did possess a citizenry well versed in the handling of weapons. What would they avail against an army of well-equipped and organized invaders? Patriotism alone rarely ever prevailed over superior equipment and modern artillery. Take the example of Belgium. Heroic as was her stand against overwhelming odds, her citizen-army was forced to retreat. That is exactly the position in which we would find ourselves if attacked by any great European power. Besides increasing our army, let us also bring our supplies and munitions to such a degree of excellence that we may possess a real army; an army that we can be proud of, and not an army we must be ashamed to call our own.

Yet after all, as our President said, we must depend on our navy. But have we a navy to depend on? According to our navy board, we are ten battleships short of safety. We are also, they tell us, forty-nine submarines below the standard set for us by our naval experts. Nor is that all. As regards our aerial

navy, we are the proud possessors of about fifteen aeroplanes, five of which are so antiquated as to be practically useless.

Some there are who may argue that we need no navy. We need no navy? Battleships, indeed, are by no means invulnerable to submarines, but they have played no small part in the present European conflict. The trade and commerce of the Central Empires have been swept from the sea by Allied battleships. Allied merchantmen continue to plow the oceans, while the merchantmen that fly the flag of Germany are seen no more. Why? Because of the Kaiser's numerical inferiority in battleships. The Japs in 1904 conquered the seemingly innumerable hosts of the Great White Father of the Russias. They did so because they had transports enough to carry their troops to the mainland of Asia. When Rome and Carthage were pitted against each other for the supremacy of the world Hannibal did most of the fighting in Europe. He knew the value of transports and battleships and was abundantly supplied with them.

An entire navy, however, does not consist merely in battleships. The present conflict across the waters has shown, as nothing else has shown before, that an equally important factor in naval warfare is the submarine. Not the clumsy, antiquated submarine we know as our own, but the highly developed submarine of the European nations. Darting hither and thither in search of its prey, the submarine has shown itself to be the most terrible, most formidable engine of destruction yet invented by man for the extinction of an enemy at sea. Silently, surely, swiftly it deals out death and ruin to the unfortunate objects that may cross its path; and just as silently, just as swiftly it will glide away again, leaving no mark behind by which it may be traced. What would the naval squadrons of an enemy do when attacked by submarines? Give battle? Aye, to the waves and billows if they would, for a submarine has other work to do than offer itself as a target for hostile cannon. Would they flee? That, too, would be impossible, for the submarine has an eye that pierces darkness and that penetrates distance even though the submarine itself be submerged beneath the waters. It is clear, then, that a navy of submarines we must have at all costs. With the richest, most fertile, most productive country on God's earth

at our backs, we could bid defiance to any nation had we a navy adequate enough and men to man it.

This is what preparedness means. It means an increase of our army and navy to such a standard as will enable us to maintain our prestige among the nations and our position as the greatest republic in the world. We do not want war. The best way to avoid it is to be prepared for it. But let us do this as sensibly as possible. "Rome was not built in a day" says the old proverb, nor can we expect to perfect our state of preparedness in one, or two, or even several years.

There are some, however, who both by word and deed are attempting to hinder us in our efforts to increase our fighting efficiency. They go about the country, these good men, trying to frustrate the president in his honest endeavors made in the interests of the nation. With high-sounding phrases they attempt to deceive us as to our true condition. Were we to listen to them, there would be no war; no more would the cannon's hazy smoke darken the sunlit heavens; and no longer would nations muster at the bugle-call nor drink deep the foeman's gore. Far from it. Instead, they would unite us all in one grand brotherhood; they'd have us throw away our arms; not in the blood of foemen would they bid us quench our martial ardor, but the royal nectar of the luscious grape they'd have us quaff; and the patter of machine guns would be silenced by the cooing of the dove of peace. Fine picture, we must admit.

But let us pay no heed to such sycophants and pettifoggers. We are men; men whose hearts beat with pride, and love, and loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. If America is good enough for us to live in, let it also be good enough for us to defend in times of stress. We must not abandon her when she needs us most. On the contrary, let us remember the glorious traditions handed down to us by our ancestors; let us bear in mind the example given us by Washington, and Lincoln, by Perry, and Scott, and Sheridan; and let us not forget that the mere writing of notes and protests avails but little in these days of blood and iron, when treaties are looked upon as mere scraps of paper and the "mailed fist" rules the world.

LOUIS A. LITZLER, '16.

Vi's Luck

SAY Vi, when was hydrogen discovered?"

"Easter Sunday, 6:00 P. M."

"Turn over on your side. You're snoring. How and by whom was it discovered?"

"Lovingly. Rose Helen Maloney."

For a moment Frank McManus, alias Wumsel, stared in bewilderment at his room mate. There he sat with his feet perched upon the bed, a smile on his face, and a pink letter in his hand. So then Wumsel understood.

"Oh Chester dearest. Will you please lose that billet doux? You know you can't mix palmistry with chemistry. We're plugging for an exam."

"Exam? Oh yes, Wumsel, begin over again will you please?"

"Lovingly Chester."

This scene unfolded itself in one of the rooms of Riverside University, where Vi was studying engineering, and McManus journalism. Aside from being up in his classes, Vi, whose real name was Chester W. Vahey, was also a prominent athlete, earning his "nick name" for the spirit of fight which he carried into every game. Though rough at times and impulsive he was a very sensitive youth, and as honest as the sun itself. As you have guessed from his distraction, Vi was in love—having become enamoured of the daughter of an old friend of his father's; which was an encouraging circumstance. But Vi was unlucky.

In Friday's game with the Lewiston five his violet eye was made to match the color of his jet black hair. And how Rose and her mother hated those "rough games!" Then further complications set in.

A half hour before train time when Vi was making great haste to depart Wumsel came into the room with his usual good humor and thus greeted him.

"Say Vi, why don't you wash the ink off of your eye? It might soil your collar if it begins to rain."

"Gosh does it look that bad?"

"Blackest lamp I ever saw; let me put a plaster on it."

So Wumsel wasted fifteen minutes sticking a plaster on his

face that made him look even more hideous than before. Consequently they reached the station just in time to swear at the last coach. "You pest," he exploded, "you made me miss the train." Then followed a string of unprintables.

Wumsel could not help smiling at the expression of angry despair on his friend's face, as he made a neat drop-kick with his suit case, but he pretended to have been hurt by his remarks.

"Well if you're going to bellow at me like a bull, you can take Armour's express. It pulls out of here in ten minutes."

"Oh come on Wumsel, I didn't mean what I called you. But just the same I'm going to hop that freight. So long, old boy, 'Happy Easter.'"

He arrived in Chesboro, which had been his home town before he had entered college, just 45 minutes late. And how Rose and her mother did abhor tardiness!

Still there was an hour until dinner, but things certainly did look black for Vi. For to tell them that he had received his black eye in a game which they disliked would mean that he would have to listen to a lecture on gentlemanliness; while to relate that he had missed the train and had ridden on the hobo's Pullman, would cause a calamity; but to avoid telling this, he would have to resort to deception, the discovery of which would have results the thought of which made him shiver. So he sat down to think.

"Well," he mused, "I suppose I'll have to face the music, unless Mr. Maloney can help me out. He's a good sport."

As he was perched on top of a pile of ties envying a little dog for its care-freeness a happy idea flashed into his mind.

Taking out the letter he read, "And from the depot we will go to Vespers." "They wouldn't miss Church on Easter for anything. So if I can only get to the house before they come home I'll be all right. The old Gent and I can fix up a good tale. But I'll have to make tracks, for they'll be out in 20 minutes."

When he rang the bell there was a sensation in his breast like one feels when the elevator stops with a jerk. A swarm of fears and misgivings were buzzing in his ears. He tried to smile but the plaster stuck and he could only grin. The tell-tale hole he had kicked in his suit case yawned like a grave and he half

wished he could crawl into it. His only ray of hope was Mr. Maloney.

At last he found himself in the library. Footsteps sounded—nearer—nearer—he dared not look up—and there stood before him Mr. Maloney. "Why Hello, Vi! Church out so soon? Well for the—where in blazes did you get that eye? Gee that's a pippin. Been fighting? Where did you leave the ladies?"

Vi drew a sigh of relief. He almost laughed.

"Take me where I can get a good wash, and where we can talk, for I'm in an awful fix."

Between splashes and jabs of a towel, Vi sputtered out his troubles, much to the amusement of Maloney, for he was aware of his girl's disposition,—and his wife's.

"Gosh boy, you're in a hot place. You'll have to tell a whale of a story and use all the diplomacy that's in you. Tell them you met an old friend of your father's, and you could not get away from him. We'll wriggle out of this some way. Sound all right?"

"Yes. But my eye?"

"Oh I'll fix that, too. Let's go down. It's time for them."

The library was a spacious room. A fire-place with a window on each side was at one end, opposite which opened a door into the reception hall. A broad bay-window in the western wall let in a flood of amber light from the dying sun mantling the two conspirators in a robe of gold, as they sat there laughing with their backs to the door.

The sound of Rose's voice strained and sharpened by mingled grief and indignation, rang in the hall.

"But what could have happened to him. I'm just worried sick. I never was so disappointed in my life. What will father say?"

Her footstep sounded on the threshold. "Oh father Vi - Why—where,—how did you miss us?"

"I must apologize for not meeting you and your mother," he began, without turning, "but an old friend of father's collared me, and I couldn't get away. I'm sorry but I couldn't help it."

"Why how did you hurt your eye?" she asked with both hands on his shoulders.

As she stood there, the last rays of the sun shining through her hair, fine and glistening like a ball of spun gossamer, with the embers of excitement glowing in her cheeks, the sense of his weakness swept over Vi, and he had not the courage to tell an untruth to the pretty eyes that gazed into his own, full of concern for his welfare.

Mr. Maloney understood this and lost no time in coming to the rescue.

"Oh I gave him that. You see we were playing billiards, waiting for you. I was showing Vi a new shot, and a ball jumped the table. Ha, ha, ha."

"That's nothing to laugh at, father."

"Oh I was thinking of something else," he laughed with a knowing glance at Vi.

"Well, tell me then."

"Oh, some other time."

But now this remark was the spark that ignited the slow fuse to Rose's curiosity. For she was a creature with such an independent spirit that it irked her to the very marrow of her soul to have anyone keep secrets from her. Moreover when she did fathom a mystery, or uncover an attempt to deceive her she became almost vehement in her denunciation of the perpetrators of it; a queer trait in one who could be so nice and amiable. But whether it was through excessive love for the truth, or selfishness, I can not say. This is the reason why Vi feared disclosure so greatly.

Just then dinner was announced, and the subject changed. At the table Maloney was most effusively humorous. Vi hardly spoke a word, and these circumstances were most unusual. Little twelve year-old May, the blue-eyed and black-haired mischievous dynamo of the family, kept her gaze glued to Vi's face with the knowing glint of a weasel in her eye. All of which fed the fires of curiosity in Rose's bosom. But discovery was to come in a different manner.

Easter was late that year and so the night was balmy. Vi and Rose went out upon the porch. The moon was pouring its silver glory upon the wide, crocus-studded lawn casting weird shadows that crept slowly back into the darkneses of the shrubberies. Here and there a magnolia bush, with its waxen blos-

soms gleaming in the moonlight, stood like a huge candelabra. In the center of the lawn a magnificent marble statue of Washington shone as bright as the distant summits of the mountains, whilst the fragrant silence of early Spring slumbered upon the whole countryside. The peace and silence were sublime. It was an ideal lovers' night. But as he beheld the stately form of our first president, the very epitome of truthfulness, the quiet fled from his breast before a flock of black forebodings; he felt that exposure lurked in every noise and whisper of the April breezes, and knowing the nature of the one deceived he shrunk from dwelling on the inevitable storm to follow discovery.

"But to explain the whole affair after a yellow excuse; that would be madness," he thought.

There was a beautiful star shining on the tip of a distant height and as Rose turned quickly to see it, at Vi's exclamation, she bumped his elbow with her eye.

It amused Rose highly, "Why Vi," she admonished teasingly, "you might have given me a black eye. And then I would have to make some excuse."

Vi's guilty conscience drove him to blurt out, "Well *I* didn't have to make any for mine." Something in his tone seemed to put Rose on the alert again, and he felt like stuffing a shoe in his mouth. He was in a foot-ball mood, which every athlete feels before a game, mad as a hornet. To add to his discomfiture, a dark form which he recognized as May darted from behind a pillar singing, "I know something I won't tell."

"I wonder what all the secrets are about around here. And I intend to find out."

Poor Vi! He shuddered.

That night Rose lay awake, thinking hard. Her father's unwonted hilarity, Vi's unwonted reticence, and May's snatch of song kept dancing vividly before her mind's eye. And she fell into slumber, convinced that something "underhanded" was going on.

* * * * *

After breakfast on Easter Monday, Vi found himself alone with May on the porch, and was beginning to congratulate himself on the success of diplomacy. But he reckoned without his lively little maid. She was sitting boyishly against a post with her

hands clasped over big Bruno's ears. Suddenly she let go of the dog and, as innocently as an angel, began to fire questions at Vi.

"Do you like riding on freight trains? Do they have porters on freight trains? Gee I wish I was a boy so I could hop freight trains. Oh that was a funny face, do it again won't you please Vi?" The music in the parlor stopped—Vi's heart stopped—then started to tattoo to the time of the hurried patter in the hall. Silence—eloquent,—painful—the silence that precedes the cannon's roar. With a snicker like the last sputter of a fuse, she exploded.

"I just knew something was wrong. To think that you act like a tramp and then tell lies about it. I'm ashamed of you—yes and father, too."

Vi caught a glimpse of a pair of shining eyes set in a shaking head—then the vision of vehemence vanished. And he was glad—glad that she had gone—glad that the secret was out. Just as one feels after a stiff exam. Then he laughed, muttering, "Gee! Macbeth was in the same fix as I—'Returning were as tedious as go o'er.'" He might have found more funny connections but the lively cause of his discovery returned from her place of refuge.

Now Rose was a very likable girl, except when she felt her majesty was slighted. It may seem queer that a young lady should display so much spleen over such a trifling affair. Most girls would be as elated as larks to think that any young man would risk life and limb rather than disappoint them. But she was like her mother, given to strong prejudices, and so a coldness grew into the friendship of these two. Commencement Day arrived and the matter was still unsettled. So a week later Vi determined to have an understanding. But he found that Mr. Maloney was home alone, the rest of the family having gone to the mountains for the summer.

Vi was desperate and confided in Mr. Maloney.

"I tell you what, I am ready to do anything if it will fix matters up. I am even willing to give up the idea of going out West. I can get a place in father's concern. You know I don't have to work at all, if I don't want to. And dad tells me to use my own judgment."

"I know how you feel Vi; but listen to me. Your dad and

I were chums from boyhood, and I have known you since you were born. Nothing would please me better than to see an alliance with the family of my lifelong friend, but still I advise you to take this place with the Western Company. Your dad and I had a long talk the day you graduated, and I know how he feels. Work your own way, Vi, my boy; you'll never regret it. And things will turn out all right in the end. So good-bye Vi, and may God bless you. Don't forget to write. And remember you are always welcome here."

Thus Vi entered upon his career in the far West. His letters were full of enthusiasm over his work. And his sincere efforts, and strict application to whatever he was told to do made him a valuable man to his employers. He had been gone five years, when on the eve of his usual holiday visit home, the manager of the Western Co., called Vi into his office.

"Vahey, I've a Christmas present for you to take home with you this year. You know that 'Old Mac' has resigned. He has been with us so long that we gave him the privilege of appointing his successor; he named you right away, and we are sure he was right. So allow me to wish you the happiest Christmas you ever had."

And indeed this reward of his honest work, made his homeward trip a journey full of joy. His father swelled with pride to think that his son had achieved such success.

Then by a felicitous turn of events, Vi did not return West but was enabled to pursue his career at home. The council of Chesboro had adopted a resolution to build a dam across a narrow defile in the mountains near the town, in order to supply a high water pressure for the new fire houses. Naturally Maloney, who was President of the council broached the subject to Vi.

"Just think of it, Vi. A native son to build our first public utility. Why all the older families of the town will be back of you. I know you can offer a lower bid than either the Hercules or the Davis Co., because your concern is bigger."

The bid of the Western Co. was accepted, much to the displeasure of the Hercules Co., which, however, did not display itself until later.

As the work progressed, Vi found time to call upon the Maloney's. And never did he find two dispositions so different

as were Rose's and May's. In one thing only did they agree; that was helping the poor. Beyond this, Rose never displayed any interest in the work of others. May had grown up to be the counterpart of her father; daring, almost reckless. She possessed a very attractive disregard for formality, and kept up a constant flow of talk, like the babble of a brook over the sun-kissed pebbles, whilst her laugh was a cascade of silver notes, that brought joy into many a heart. Enthusiasm for the occupations of her friends was her watchword; she would not rest until she had found out everything about their every undertaking.

This trait was exhibited in a striking fashion one day, when Vi took the two sisters to visit the dam. The brook flowed through a narrow canyon, about a hundred feet wide. On one cliff was a ledge on which the office was built, so it would be out of the way. A cable bridge connected this with the driveway on the other side, where the big derrick and the materials were. As they came up this road into sight of the office May exclaimed, "Oh, what a cozy little nest," and disregarding Vi's admonitions, and the dizzy swinging of the bridge, she ran over it, poking fun at Rose as Vi assisted her slowly across. Her first move was to begin to introduce some womanly order into the litter of papers on the desk. When she came to the pay-roll, she brought it out to Vi.

"Where'll I put this, boss, in the creek?"

"No, boy, if you do," he laughed, "we won't be able to pay these Swedes, and then we will have a strike."

Just then the boom of the big derrick swung over the bridge, with a bucket of concrete.

"Sometimes we ride on that when we are in a hurry."

"Oh let me ride on it, Vi—will you Vi?"

"Why May, you are positively silly," remonstrated Rose, "you are the worst tom-boy."

As they went about, Rose seemed to hate to touch the ground with her dainty slippers, and showed but common politeness when Vi took to explaining anything. But May even clambered up on the piles of lumber, giving Vi imaginary orders, and Rose imaginary horrors. When they were watching the engine and derrick, she made Vi promise to teach her how to run them and pledged herself to supply the office with flowers. Thus she was

a frequent visitor at the dam; she always brought some of the poor youngsters out to see the big dam in preference to any other sight.

The happy months of June and July passed thus, and Vi found himself feeling older every time this gay lark would drop in for a tour of inspection. He even began to chide himself for neglecting to urge his suit more strongly on Rose. But "Man proposes" and—to be sure Vi had done his part, but the hand of the Omniscient God was destined to affect the lives of these people, for a series of events followed which wrought a great change in the Maloney family, and in Vi's connection with it.

In the first place, Mrs. Maloney was stricken with a fatal sickness. Rose having acquired considerable skill in nursing from her work amongst the poor, undertook the care of her mother. But in spite of her tenderness, Mrs. Maloney died. This was a blow which all but caused the death of this devoted daughter. When she had recovered from the breakdown subsequent to this loss, her friends marked a change in her. The long hours spent at the bedside of her mother had purged her soul of all petulance; her manner of finding fault was gone. Vi remarked this to Maloney one day.

"Yes, Vi, she acts just like she did when she was going to the convent school." The queer expression on his face when he said this caused Vi to wonder, especially as Maloney seemed anxious to discuss other topics.

It was spring again, with the time for the completion of the dam only three months distant, when events began to tread upon each others heels; events which clearly pointed to some hidden power aiming to hinder the work. One of the big derricks was wrecked; a week later two car-loads of cement were lost track of, and work was held up two days. The Swede laborers were plunged into a mood of sullen resentment at having their earnings cut by these occurrences; and when it was necessary to send them away with only half pay, owing to a mysterious mistake at the bank, they were on the verge of striking.

It tried Vi's manhood to the utmost to cope with these reverses. He met them with an oaken heart. But the knowledge of his inability to prove that the Hercules Co. had a hand in his misfortune, though he felt they were its authors, exasperated

him almost to despair. He realized that unless depredations ceased, the dam would not be finished on time; and this meant not only the forfeiture of the \$10,000 guarantee, but—ruin—failure in his first undertaking as superintendent.

The next Monday was to be another pay-day and on his way home from work Vi went to confer with Maloney on the subject of money. But he was not at home, and May forced him (apparently) to remain for supper.

"Never mind the clothes. Rose has company; this is the cook's day off so you can sup with the new cook."

Vi found the clouds which brooded over his brain vanishing before the warm radiance of this vivacious lady. When supper was eaten, May arose and said, "Excuse me for a moment, Vi, until I get a cigarette, for a smoke doth speech provoke."

She noted the expectant look in Vi's face and laughed, "You thought the same as the husband of Rose's friend; but I do not smoke." Before Vi knew it he was telling his troubles to the most sympathetic person he could conceive.

"And if I have to put those Swedes off again on pay-day, they'll strike and maybe wreck the whole place. That would mean \$10,000 lost."

"Well I can run the derrick, so you could hire me," she assured him half in fun, "I always did want to run it alone anyway."

The thought of Vi's having enemies, and the lengthy conference he had with her father that night, kept the dewy wings of sleep from May's eyes for many hours. She imagined herself doing all kinds of heroic deeds, and capturing Vi's assailants.

The next day on her return from the depot, whither she had taken Vi and her father, she stopped in to visit a sick woman in the poorer part of the town. A young lad was seated on the doorstep, crying.

"Pa licked me cos I was a harkin' to what he was sayin' to a man with jerky eyes."

May paid no attention to the "man with jerky eyes" until she heard from the woman the snatches of a plot to steal something. Her mind at once became charged with a host of lightning thoughts, which electrified her every nerve.

"What kind of man was your father talking to?"

"He was a big lanky guy wot talked fast, and kept a squintin'."

"What was he talking about?"

"The big skinny guy, he sez, 'If we can swipe it, it means those Swedes won't get paid Monday, and they'll go on strike and we get some easy money.'"

The Swedes—Vi's Swedes. Like a startled bird she sensed the plan. Her only thought was to reach the office first. She thought of the pay-roll. They could not make a new one in time. She flew into her big car. It seemed frozen to the spot. Gradually it picked up speed. Now it roared like a demon eating up the road. The houses whizzed past her. The open fields were rushing towards her. The road began to rise towards the hills where even now the thieves might be at work. At last the big booms hove into sight. Her heart beat faster; a prayer fell from her lips. She hardly waited for the car to stop at the hill, but sprang to the ground, and ran along the driveway. As she looked her heart froze in her breast. The door stood open!! She was too late!!! With a cry of despair she raised her eyes to heaven. The derrick loomed against the sky like a finger pointing the way to victory. Hope sprang anew in her. Half crawling, half running, she reached the platform. She tugged at the greasy rope, but the huge bucket didn't budge. How was she to swing the bucket filled with rock out over the bridge without power? She remembered the crank at the side of the hoisting engine drum. She leaped towards it; straining every muscle she turned the drum, the cable tightened and the great mass moved off the ground. Seizing the guide rope she pulled and jerked, until every nerve throbbed. The giant's arm swung slowly—over the creek—past the bridge. Again she ran back to the platform, and braced her frail form against the ponderous beam. Back it moved like the pendulum of death, and hovered 20 feet above the bridge. Grasping the rope that trailed from the bucket, she sent forth a cry of triumph. Three faces stricken with surprise filled the doorway.

"If you dare to cross I'll drop this on you," she screamed.

They swore, to think that a mere slip of a girl had imprisoned them, thus foiling their plans. They cursed the girl standing on

the cliff overhead, like an eagle in the sun, but she only smiled, their vain threats falling like music on her ears.

But the battle was only half won. The men held a council in the office and the one with the "squinty eyes" emerged. Something shiny was in his hand; it gleamed in the light of the setting sun. But the girl never flinched. The rope tightened; down went the rocks ripping like an avalanche, carrying the wrecked bridge to the bottom of the ravine.

Then the reaction came. The strain had been too great. A choking darkness seized her.

When she regained consciousness she heard familiar voices, but they were faint and weak like the distant peep of the snow-bird over the snow-hushed meadows. She began to sob. "Oh I didn't mean to do it. I didn't mean to wreck the dam." Thus she fell into a heavy slumber.

When she awoke she found herself in her own room. Rose was there, and immediately began to hug and kiss her. "Oh, May, Oh, Sis, if you only knew how afraid I was all alone here, until papa came. Tell me, are you hurt? How did you find out?"

It was not a very long story in itself, but the entrance of Mr. Maloney and Vi added much to it.

Well, the dam was finished without any more opposition from the Hercules Co. and after the dedication Vi went home with the Maloney's. And here the tale nears the end. Once more Vi found himself seated on the familiar front porch. But a different topic was discussed that night.

"Vi," Rose began, "I want you to forgive me. I've done you a great injustice, and before I take the step I intend taking, I ask you to forgive me. When I made my First Communion, mother—God rest her soul—asked me to pray to know my vocation. As I continued in school I felt it was my calling to join the Sisters of Charity. I neglected it, and I've been unhappy ever since, and I've made others unhappy, too. Forgive me, Vi."

Though Vi had expected something like this was to be the result of Mrs. Maloney's death, still he could only choke down the dregs of bitter disappointment that rose in his throat.

"Yes, Rose, for His sake I forgive you. In His service you will gain greater glory than with me." And as he kissed her hot fingers she felt a warm tear drop on her hand.

But Vi was glad when he saw the profound joy it gave Maloney to have his eldest daughter consecrate her life to God.

"Yes, Vi, I felt it all along. But I had not the courage to tell you." Then he added, with his usual humor, "'Man proposes, Vi, but God disposes.' Maybe you can propose again."

Vi afterwards used to maintain a chuckle like the one at the bathroom door a number of years before, came from behind the parlor draperies at this speech of Mr. Maloney's.

But Mrs. Vahey would retaliate with "Well I didn't come on a freight," and thus the matter ended.

A. C. J. BRICKEL, '17.

Self-Questionings

To Him, Aurora, fleeting,
Sends her beams, a gladsome greeting;
With fragrance—sweet insistence—
Blown roses offer incense—
But, do we?

Angelus is softly tolling.
As the silv'ry chimes, extolling
Him, to Heaven's gates are rolling,
We, in high-backed pews are lolling,
Fancy-free?

Through the blackest nights and long days
All God's saints, with "Misereres,"
Storm the golden bars, and raise them,
When some suffering soul essays them—
Do we aid?

When the raging demons taunt us,
And our blackest sins do haunt us,
May we know full well the measure
Of God's jewel-studded treasure
Undismayed!

John E. Kane, '18.

Winter

Airy, fairy snowflakes,
Softly floating down,
Clothe the barren landscape
In a spotless gown.

Bushes in the twilight
Take on fairy forms,
Like the phantom lake mists
In the early morn.

Through the slender branches
In the trees aloft,
Blowing down the whiteness,
Sigh the breezes soft.

Stretched across the wide fields,
Like a fortress old,
Rears a moulded snowdrift,
Standing in the cold.

The soft and ruddy hearth-fire
Sends out warmth and cheer;
Cold does not annoy us
While we're gathered here.

Edward F. Madaras, '18.

The Gleam

JAMES BRENNAN, '18

"After it, follow it; follow the Gleam," Thus the poet sings and tells the young mariner to launch his vessel and follow the Gleam ere it vanishes. Merlin tells us how he followed the Gleam for many years until it brought him to Camelot. There he stayed until Arthur died, when the Gleam, dim for many years, became bright and vanished out over the sea. Under this allegorical form a meaning is hidden

This Gleam that slides and glides over woodland and lowland, mountain and stream, glancing over city and hamlet, resting for a time on the forehead of Arthur the Blameless, and finally vanishing out over the sea, is an ideal, a conception which the young mariner must follow on and on, until, like Merlin, he "can no longer, but die rejoicing."

But the young mariner who sets out to follow the Gleam "from the haven under the sea cliff," must first make sure that the Gleam which he proposes to follow is a true one and not a will-o'-the-wisp which, far from leading him, as Merlin was led, to all but Heaven, will entice him through the bogs and quagmires of sin and degradation. But if he sets before himself a noble and lofty ideal and follows it earnestly and untiringly, he necessarily will become, in some degree, noble himself, although he may never attain his ideal.

All the great Saints had an ideal and the earnest following out of that ideal, aided by the grace of God, made them great Saints.

Their ideal was the noblest of all, Christ the perfect man, the blameless King. If we sought to imitate Christ as earnestly as some men seek gold or their own pleasure, or position and power, what could we not become!

Even as in Merlin's pursuit of the Gleam, there came a time when "The light retreated, the landskip darkened, the melody deadened," so in the following of Christ, there will be times when we shall be tempted to turn aside and rest, to give it all up. Then is the time to be strong and manly, to throw off the temptation and repeat to ourselves, "Follow the Gleam," so that when we come to die we may say that, old and weary, but eager to follow, we die rejoicing.

Merlin and The Gleam

LOUIS J. PERME, '18

In the last days of his life Tennyson, gifted with a wand of special creative power, has thrilled the world of letters in producing the most charming creation of thought and poetic expression graced with a wonderful loveliness in rhythm and imagination. In his dreams and recollections of the past years of his life, his great soul has spoken in the grandest strains, and it seemed to me as if the throbbing of his dying heart is reverberated in every word. Above all, the brevity of the lines, so artistically woven into one another, like the colors in a valuable piece of tapestry, yet so marvelously distinct in their elocution, suggests the short gasp of old age that has come upon the great man, tired with the intermittent pursuit of his ideal through all the devious paths and by-ways of life. My soul could not but be seized unconsciously by the wonderful strain borne upon the wing of thought to the side of the poet's spirit, to accompany it in the vain hunt, to share its joys and sorrows and to feel its subsequent disappointments.

The hearts of all poets have been stirred by this masterpiece, for in its emotion it has conveyed to them a great message. It has told them of the coming death of its author while lingering on the doorstep of eternity to take a last look over the path he has trodden. One may see through its verse clear into the inmost chamber of his heart. It is the expression of the undying longing for an ideal light which is the fruitful passion of all the peers in the realm of art.

It is no wonder that my heart, cold as it was, and slow to perceive true beauty, was seized with an ethereal delight and appreciation as if by magic. And why not? Is there a limit to the abundance of thought that is contained in it? Naturally, then, I ask myself: What is this life but an untiring and unsatisfied longing for something to quench the fire of the soul, which cannot be found in this world as is testified by the experience of the men and nations of the past. All that the world holds out to us is a crown of glittering gems that turn to dust as soon as we touch them.

Editorials

**George
Washington**

On the twenty-second of this month we celebrate the anniversary of the greatest figure in the history of our country—the anniversary of George Washington. No other man, with the possible exception of Lincoln, has done so much to make this nation what it is, and it is but meet and just that all, on that day, unite to honor his memory and to pay him homage.

Most people think of Washington as a general, and nothing more. Mention his name, and there rises before them the picture of an army-officer stern and dignified. Speak of Trenton or Brandywine, and instinctively there flashes before the mind's eye an image in blue and gold, the image of a man garbed in Revolutionary costume. It is Washington. This association of ideas is deep in the heart of all Americans, and Washington and the Revolution are inseparably linked together. They have become, as it were, synonymous.

The life of Washington shows us, however, that he possessed other qualities that far outshone his military abilities. As a soldier he was great; but as a man he was greater still. He was a man of character.

When he was appointed commander-in-chief of the American forces in '76, he had a very onerous burden thrust upon him. Congress as yet had adopted no definite plan of action, whilst disorder and the lack of proper organization handicapped him not a little. But Washington did not despair. He recognized his duty, and he did not for a moment think of shirking its performance. When the going was hardest, when victory—fickle victory—seemed ever determined to remain beyond his reach, when one by one the colonies were slowly but surely sinking into the slough of despondency—then it was that the real worth and character of Washington came to the fore. His finer qualities lay hidden from view in the hour of triumph; they shone all the more brilliantly, therefore, when defeat and disaster weighed heaviest upon him.

Of all the legacies left us by the life of Washington, by no means the least is his example of unsullied patriotism. For Washington was essentially a patriot. His position in society rendered it unnecessary for him to engage in business of any kind, and a life of luxury and ease could have been his had he so desired. But it was not to be. When the war-clouds began to gather on the political history of America, when events moved with such swiftness that no one ventured a guess as to what the future might hold in store for us, he heard the voice of his country calling him, insistently, imperatively. In the fullness of his heart he responded, like another Cincinnatus. Home, family and fire-side—he left everything to serve his fatherland. Five years he fought and struggled in the cause of the Colonies. Five years he toiled and labored in a cause that to him personally meant nought but suffering and privation. Long years they were, and filled with sorrow and disappointment. But victory at length smiled on the armies of America, and the thirteen colonies achieved the goal they set out to accomplish. They were victorious. They were no longer thirteen, now, but one—one in name and spirit, and government, and one in heart and soul. Sovereign and independent states, they owed their freedom in a large measure to Washington.

He was the guiding-star of the Revolution. Often, in truth, the going was difficult and the way far from smooth; often, too, no light shone through the darkness that loomed so formidably before him; but he never wavered, never faltered, even amid trouble and affliction. For he was a patriot, and a patriot in his love for his fatherland forgets self in the interests of his fellow-men. A man is ever so self-sacrificing, ever so tireless in his efforts made in his own behalf. His self-abnegation, however, increases in value a thousandfold when offered up on the altar of his country. The incense that rises when an individual makes a sacrifice for his country's sake is sweet indeed; but sweet beyond comparison is that same incense when the individual makes a holocaust not of his gold and silver, or of his time alone, but also of himself. That is the offering of a true, a genuine patriot.

Washington made that sacrifice, and his name still lives among us. It lives among us great and brilliant and imperishable, because he did not fear to take a step that meant so much for him

and for the land he loved. We pay him honor now, and homage. We raise monuments and statues to perpetuate his memory. Yet all our tablets, all our effigies dwindle into insignificance and fade into oblivion beside the one monument he himself helped to raise—the American nation.

L. A. L., '16.

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College Education is training. So many thousand lines of
Chums Latin and Greek are read, so many theorems, equations
 formulæ are memorized, so many books and friends are
 found. College friendship is something sacred. Like all noble
 and time-defying structures, it is built slowly. One stone is laid
 upon another, until the edifice in all its grandeur stands out in the
 sunset and sunrise of passing years. College friendship is unlike
 any other, for its stones are bound by all the influences of susceptible
 and glorious youth. Here young men meet; here they are as
 one large family performing their allotted tasks, singing their college
 songs, walking hand in hand into that vast and partly explored
 field of thought and imagination. At first they are all
 strangers. Of the hundred acquaintances there may be forty
 associates, fifteen companions, but only five or six friends. After
 a month, or a year, or sometimes an entire college course, you
 find another worthy of admittance into your inner sanctum of
 friends.

Someone has said that college years are the kindest years of
 a man's life. And especially is this true when surrounded by a
 coterie of chums. Year on year, on free days and in the thick of
 exams; in the classroom and on the campus; in fair weather and
 foul—you meet and converse and render mutual congratulations
 or sympathy. They are all alike in sharing their general distaste
 of Latin or Greek with you, but otherwise they have their individual
 idiosyncracies. One likes pipes, another has a hobby for
 reading O. Henry, a third has a mania for taking steep hills on
 high gear. But all are simple, generous, whole-souled fellows
 who lavish their affections by idomatic epithets and whacks on
 one's anatomy. Horace has his Virgil, Achilles his Patroclus,
 Aeneas his Achates; but you have half a dozen who could claim a
 title as the "*dimidium animæ tuæ*." For seven long years you
 have marched shoulder to shoulder against a phalanx of text

books; you have been shipwrecked with Aeneas; with them you have listened to Cicero and Demosthenes; together you have visited Horace "*bibentem vinum sub viridi arbore.*"

But it will not always be so. A little while, a very little while, and you must leave this green oasis with its cool groves and sparkling waters; a little while and you must start across that desert with only the mirage of that happy place before your eyes. Only then, when you see far out on the arid sands will you appreciate those blessed days beneath the palm.

A. A. B., '17.

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"Time" Young man, how do you husband your time? How often do you plead as excuse for neglected work that you have not the time? That you were busy? Investigation will prove that the business was of no importance, or at least, in nine cases out of ten, was not as pressing as the neglected work. While you are young you should learn to place a definite value on every hour. Economy of time is far more valuable than economy in pecuniary matters, and should be taken care of accordingly. If you allow the hours to pass idly by while a boy, you will contract a habit which will be most difficult to root out. So get busy right now. A certain amount of recreation is necessary, and must enter into every program. The machinery must be stopped now and then, for oiling and cooling, or we will have an accident. But while you must not allow your work to encroach on this necessary recreation, you must not by any means allow the recreation to be extended, covering the work hours. How suggestive is the old saw! "Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for their return, for they are lost forever."

T. J. D., '18.

College Notes

Lecture Club Some weeks ago the students of the college and high school enjoyed a real treat. The Lecture Club, ably represented by Messrs. Brennan and Madaras, presented the "Little Flower of Jesus," with numerous slides illustrative of her life, though we must admit that it would have been almost as interesting without them, so pleasing was the lecture itself and the manner of its delivery. To satisfy numerous demands, the lecture has been given several times outside the college, and is still in high favor. We wish the lecturers every success.

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Scientific Academy The Scientific Academy is now well under way. Some interesting lectures have been given, and many more are awaited with eager anticipation. We must mention with commendation the one by Mr. Bungart, on the subject, "Indian Relics in Our Own State." Mr. Bungart exhibited many relics which he had collected himself, and, when he dilated on them with his well known wit and genius, he commanded the attention and admiration of all. Several visitors were present, including Rev. Father Rector, who was an interested and interesting participant in the discussion following the lecture. Another lecture, too, proved extremely interesting. It was given by Mr. Mills, of Holy Cross College, who came to town expressly to present his lecture. Holy Cross has good reason to feel satisfied with this son of hers. May she have more such.

If anyone thinks that college boys are incapable of giving an instructive and interesting talk on objects of their study, they would have been happily disillusioned had they been privileged to attend the lectures given by members of the Scientific Academy, Friday evening, February 11th. Mr. Haggerty had an illustrated talk on the Motion Picture Machine. And Mr. Gray, one on the submarine. Each of the lecturers had a grasp and an understanding of their subject which enabled them to speak with fluency and confidence. Is it too much to hope that if the Scientific Academy does nothing more than give a few earnest and enthusiastic students an opportunity to discourse intelligently and informingly on their hobbies, it will help some to "find" themselves?

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Senior Sodality The semi-annual election of officers of the Senior Sodality has just taken place. Mr. Raynor, former Prefect, was again chosen to occupy the responsible position, assisted by Messrs. Litzler and Hill.



PHOTO BY MARQUARD

Thomas Copp as Anthimius

John W. Kegg as Diocletian

James P. Cozzens as Theodore
and
Stephen Foerstner as Chrysanthus

James P. Cozzens as Theodore

Roy Bourgeois as Hierax

The catechetical section of the sodality is increasing in numbers and in enthusiasm, and the demand for new members grows more insistent with the increased supply. Many young men are needed to teach the catechism on Sundays in parishes where there is a dearth of teachers, but our boys are nobly responding to the appeal. May their numbers increase still more.

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Music The Glee Club, under the directorship of Father Winters, is rapidly improving, and will soon be a highly trained assembly of silver throated songsters. They have already sung before the college on fete days in the gym, and are surpassing the hopes of their instructor.

The Orchestra, too, furnished great delight to the music lovers. It is putting it mildly to say that all are highly gratified with their performances. Keep up the good work, boys!

* * * * *

The Play We viewed the college play at its first public performance, on Saturday, February 12th, and to say that we were gratified would be to underestimate our feelings. The play was more than a success. It is a masterpiece. The unflagging zeal of Father Hendrix, the director, aided by the faithful and thorough work of the actors, in many rehearsals, has produced a play with which even the best critics could hardly find fault. The acting was superb, and the frequent death-like silences, and the bursts of applause, showed that the audience was deeply moved. We must mention with especial commendation the work of Cozzens, Bourgeois, Foerstner and Kegg. They showed that the leading parts had not been blindly entrusted to them, and it was apparent that they had worked hard to prepare their parts.

The costumes were appropriate and elaborate. The house at the first performance was filled to overflowing, and hundreds were turned away. This necessitated a second matinee performance, which took place on February 19th. Let our highest compliment be that, though we realize the talent and zeal of director and actors, we were most agreeably surprised at their actual performance.

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Senior Debating Society The Senior Debating Society is a scene of violent, though friendly controversy, almost every meeting nowadays. Not only those assigned for debates, but even the members take advantage of the opportunity to voice their opinions. As the speaker takes his seat, many start to their feet, requesting the chairman for permission to speak. And this is a common occurrence, not the exception.

Some spirited contests were "The Policy of President Wilson in the Mexican Question," "Prohibition," "Exportation of War Muni-

tions." In those mentioned practically every man in the house spoke; but at every debate there is a great interest displayed.

Come forth, ye Ciceros, ye disciples of Socrates, come forth! For this year the public debate is to be replaced by an Oratorical Contest, in which all are eligible to compete. You are allowed to choose your own subject, and make your own speech. There will be a preliminary elimination contest, and then the final trial will take place later in the spring.

Dies Irae

O war-torn nations, blood-begrimed,
Who, reeling on from field to field,
O would that you had learned to yield
To God the guidance of mankind.

Death haunts your waves, your skies do roar;
Your smiling fields are blasted bare;
Your cities bowed with mute despair,
Come tumbling down 'mid streams of gore.

From east to west, from south to north,
Gaunt famine stalks through all your lands,
And grim oblivion hideous stands
To welcome peace when she comes forth.

O stop these orgies where your sons
Lie rotting in the garish light;
Where buzzards wheel from morn till night,
And scream above your shattered guns.

William Keefe, '18.

Alumni Notes

Alumni Game

They say that King George's coronation was a gorgeous affair and that one missed half of his life by not viewing it, but wait for the Alumni game to see your regal bluebloods in *action*. This function is dated for March 16th. On that night of all nights the old knights of the royal Blue and Gold will enter the lists against ye present bearers of our Alma Mater's banner in the final battle of their crusade to uphold her honor.

If you of the ALUMNI ever yearn for the sight of your old teammates toiling for the victor's crown; if your ears long to tingle with the cry of old IGNATIUS; if your hand ever feels the call of pressing those it used to clasp, fulfill your heart's desire and attend this longed-for game. Come back once more and let your veins sing with the thrills it has not felt for many a day. Come back and watch the veteran cavaliers, who have made our college famous, try to come back themselves and to unhorse their successors.

'Twill be a contest of blue bloods. Let your lonesome eye contemplate this wonderful aggregation of ALUMNI luminaries:

Dr. Faragher, Captain
Dr. F. Gallagher
Dr. Corrigan
Dr. Wolf (Lupie)
Dr. Kirby
Walter Daly
Joseph Brady
John Filak

* * * * *

Annual Banquet

The Annual Banquet of the Alumni Association was held in the banquet room of Hotel Statler on Thursday evening, February tenth.

This year we inaugurated two new customs—allowing members to invite guests, and securing a speaker who is nationally prominent in a Catholic way.

As a result of the first innovation the banquet was the best attended we have ever held. The total attendance was 125, of whom 80 were alumni.

The second innovation, as those who were present will attest, was especially fortunate. The speaker, Thomas Augustine Daly, is Editor of The Evening Ledger, a leading Philadelphia paper, and also editor

of The Catholic Standard and Times, with which we are all more or less familiar.

For about one hour Mr. Daly entertained us with stories of Irish wit and humor and fine delineations of Italian character, and in that short space of time played upon every emotion within us.

Reverend Father Sommerhauser, too, aroused great feeling within us when he told of the present of Alma Mater and forecasted the future.

And we must not forget the boys of the orchestra, who filled the air with music while we dined.

We are confident that in the future the annual banquets of the Alumni Association will be among the greatest social events of the year in Cleveland.

* * * * *

The following Roster has been submitted by the officials of the Alumni Association. In publishing it, we are conscious that numerous inaccuracies may have found their way into it. The Editor of the Alumni Notes thinks this an opportunity for a general revising of the list. Write us and let us know if we have misplaced, miscalled, or omitted you. Keep in touch with us.

- | | |
|--|---|
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| Wm. J. Anthony, Cincinnati, O. | Rev. V. A. Chaloupka, 9614 Aetna Ave. |
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| Ralph Antolik, 9902 Quebec Ave. | Physician. |
| Mathew V. Antolik, 3814 E. 57th St. | Justin W. Conkey, 673 E. 109th St. |
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| Sales Correspondent. | Francis T. Cullitan, 1103 Citizens Bldg. |
| John S. Becka, care Juvenile Court, Old Court House, City. | Attorney. |
| Geo. H. Brennan, 2020 Columbus Rd. | Wm. Cunningham, 4215 E. 96th St. |
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| Geo. H. Buerman, 1925 W. 52d St. | Rev. Edward T. Calvey, Maxirno, O. |
| James A. Byrne, Payne Ave. & E. 24th St. | Rev. John E. Casey, Grafton, O. |
| Myles Byrnes, 2487 W. 11th St.—1421 Clark Ave. | Harry B. Cavanaugh, 614 Garfield Bldg. |
| Wm. M. Byrnes, 1113 Williamson Bldg. | Wm. J. Collins, 1430 E. 89th St. |
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| Asst. Engineer, City of Cleveland. | Rev. James Cummins, care St. Columbkil's Church, Superior and E. 26th St. |
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| Fred Bertram, 1800 Lakeside Ave. | Edward S. Dempsey, 1380 W. 61st St. |
| Rev. Richard E. Brennan, D. D., 1800 Lakeside Ave. | Joseph C. Dempsey, 1380 W. 61st St. |
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| Chester Bartlett, 7803 Harvard Ave. | L. M. Druchenbrod, 1243 E. 84th St. |
| Carl A. Bauer, 8404 Superior Ave. | C. F. Dillhoefer, 1690 E. 86th St. |
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| Paul H. Brock, 9850 Lorain Ave. | Jos. H. Dempsey, 15007 Cardinal Ave. |
| Joseph G. Brady, 1015 Starkweather Ave. | Physician. |

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High School Notes

BY DANIEL I. GALLAGHER

After a rather abbreviated basketball season, the high school five retreats from the glaring rays of the calcium spotlight to the dressing room with but faint memories of three "feint" games. The start of the customary jaunt was encouraging and our fondest hopes of a championship were beginning to loom up on the horizon of realization. We met and defeated Commerce High in as classy a game as you would wish to set your spectacles upon. We had speed, endurance and a Cayenne of "pep." We lingered on to January 29th and found our second melee was upon us, with a comfortable majority of the squad on the sick list, the result of touching too many door knobs—grip. Loyala journeyed from the east side to meet our badly crippled crew. The game was played and the visitors went away with a victory tied to their belts. No alibis offered. Our final bow was gracefully provoked at the West High game. Mahoney, Hanley, Riley & Co. were unable to stop West's whimsical warriors, and when the parting notes of Referee Lewis' "windy" whistle rebounded from the gym walls, the Ignatians realized that they were slightly outplayed.

St. Ignatius High 21; Commerce High 10.

St. Ignatius High 10; Loyola High 14.

St. Ignatius High 10; West High 27.

Mor-al: The high school boys may recline in their easy chairs for the remainder of the season and nourish themselves with the thought that they will be eligible again next year for the Varsity vacancies, Phantom rivals, etc. Let us end up this portion of the labor with nine husky raws and a tiger.

* * * * *

Ancient Platitudes

During the past few months since the cold weather has forced many to the fireside, given a few frozen ears, it has been noticed that the boys have grown lax in their practices of the strictest honesty. Entirely too many have given voice to the "conventional lie." An endeavor will be made to bring to light some of the leading offenders and their utterances. We hope that said sinners will profit by the editorial advice.

Let-er-roll

Let-er-roll.

Edward A. McDonnell—"I take a cold bath every morning."

J. Harold Traverse—"I never got a fireside thought from sitting in an easy-chair."

Edward Hodous—"I haven't even looked at my Virgil for today."

Edward Francis Shannon—"I never wore a celluloid collar."

Walter Ganymede Dorsey—"I never tried to sing tenor in the Cybilian Hail."

Emmett Riley—"Present." (Get the roll-call twang.)

Bill Walsh—"Present." (Get the roll-call twang.)

Elmer Caldwell—"Present." (Get the roll-call twang.)

Stephen Bojosko—"I play along the lines of Kubelik—(Lions)."

Walter Zah Ahern—"I call my teacher Mr. and not J—."

Tom Morris—"I don't ever remember of singing 'Sweet Adeline.'"

Joe Feighan—"I have nothing to say. Rather—chili—this morning"

J. O. Hanley—"I am afraid to put glycerine on my pompadour because my hair is fiery red."

* * * * *

Frank Kleinhenz is the latest patron of the dance. The newest skating epidemic does not seem to distract Frank from the calisthenic whirl of the Legato, or the inward course of the Pigeon walk. Just the other evening our friend was preparing himself for a session over the corn meal. The time was swiftly approaching when he should leave, and he had not yet completed his toilet. In the rush, the excitement and the anxiety, he pulled on his vest, forgot his inside coat, and threw on his overcoat immediately over his vest, and rushed out into the night. In due time he reached the place. His arrival was felt as soon as he entered and his popularity at its highest. There was a rush for him, each lady trying her best to help our classmate off with his coat. (Why not?—leap year). His coat off, gloves and hat in pocket, he stalked forward with such a thought in his mind: I wonder what makes me feel so scant. Then he realized his position. "My coat—my coat," he sobbed to himself. He turned around and faced the music. There he beheld blank faces, open mouths and faces with encouragement written over them. I wonder if he thought this was going to be a masquerade. Then what did Frank do? We request the gentle readers to personally ask him how he came out and what he did. Thanking you in advance.

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The class of Fourth High has taken rapid strides in the musical course offered by two students who are quite accomplished. That the boys have taken an interest in the music is evidenced by the fact that the class recently gave a musical comedy at one of the select

social functions. The name of the musical comedy is held pending its debut on Broadway. The programme:

Opening Chorus—"My Rosaline" (Maybe).....Ensemble
 O moi liber Kaegi-Kleist (Irving Berlin).....Clement Steuer
 Log from the Passing Scow of 1916.....Frank Surtz
 Dog-gon-it (Zeigfeld's Kollies).....James Vevera
 I'm Surprised (disMaid in America).....Herbert Roth
 Gypsy Love Song (Carmen).....Frank Kleinhenz
 I Love my Smokes (OMAR the Tentmaker).....Paul TePas

Scene 1—A crowd of students discussing Hamilton Wright Maybe around a rosy fireside. Red Shannon is the center of attraction and is busily engaged in exchanging jokes about the matter in question. There is a lull among the commentators in which Mr. Shannon begins to get sympathetic. "Imagine," he said, "a laughing hyena with split lip, or a giraffe with a sore throat." "That's nothing," retorts Howard Smith; "imagine a centipede with either ingrown toe nails, corns or water on the knee."

Scene 2—Howard Smith badly shaken up and begging to be admitted again to the fireside.

Scene 3—Crowd still around fireside, receiving the plighted word of Howard Smith not to pull any more of those uncalled for remarks. Just then one of our brethren announces that the table is set. "What's on the menu," was the universal shout. Then began our faithful brother in a tone rather significant of a three-cent lunch room interpreter than a sedate high school lad: TEAroses, PIEplant—that's all iscream."

The entertainment came to a sudden close with the popular rendition of the Pigeon walk by John Peter.

Loyola High School Notes

The curtain was raised on Loyola's basketball season at Glenville High, December 22nd. In the excitement of the premier game, Loyola forgot to chase Old Man Jinx from the floor. His work—Glenville 20, Loyola 17.

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In the first game of the new year, East Tech's basket tossers snatched a victory from Loyola, 26-17.

* * * * *

To fittingly celebrate the closing of their examinations, the Juniors engaged the services of the unexcelled Loyola chef to prepare a banquet. They feasted sumptuously and merrily. L. Kuderle was named president of the class for the coming term.

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Speaking of banquets, we mustn't forget that the Sophs celebrated the yule-tide around the festive board. The Society Editor of this column, owing to a previous engagement with the grippe, missed the important details.

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In a fast game, Loyola's five defeated the Commerce quintet, 17-13. This is the second victory Loyola captured on the sunset side of the Cuyahoga. St. Ignatius High will furnish information concerning the other.

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On a cold, dreary, rainy night, far from home and friends, the Hiram High basketball squad was swamped by the top-heavy score of 30-8. This was the scene of a heart-rending tragedy. Mr. Frank Smith, the popular manager of the team, had his derby smashed. Our sympathies, Manager.

* * * * *

The Newman Literary Society is presenting excellent programmes at its bi-weekly meetings. The latest debate was on one of the current topics of the day. Resolved, That every municipality should control its electric light service. The negative side of the question, upheld by T. Walters and P. Chech, won from the affirmative, E. McCarthy and E. Sheehan. The Society is to prepare for presentation in the near future the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

* * * * *

As a preliminary to the holidays, a pleasing program was given by the talent of several classes. December 22nd. All the numbers were well received, but when the school orchestra made its blushing debut, the appreciation evinced surpassed the hopes of the most

optimistic. Encouraged and cheered by this approval of their efforts, they will certainly bring fair honors to themselves and to Mr. Powers, their director. At the close of the entertainment the beautiful Christmas greetings of Reverend Father Rector were read to the students by Rev. Father Wilwerding.

* * * * *

Loyola 34; Spencerian 10.

Loyola 36; Collinwood 16.

These two victories speak for themselves. Loyola, by its showing thus far, proves its right to games with the best of the Senate's teams. It is to be regretted that such difficulty is encountered in arranging these games.

* * * * *

Many students received honors in the second quarterly exams. The leaders of the various classes were: Senior, E. McCarthy and G. Troy (equal); Junior, L. Kuderle; Sophomore A, A. M. Rhebar; Sophomore B, C. Kubeck; Freshman A, D. Kilway; Freshman B, C. Turk. Reverend Father Rector concluded the ceremony with a few words of encouragement and admonition.

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The large class of candidates received into the Sodality, February 11th, by Reverend Father Rector, attests the excellent work that Rev. Father Gorman is doing with his charges.

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Rehearsals for the "Triumph of Justice," Loyola's play, have commenced, under the direction of Rev. Father Gorman. The play will be presented some time after Easter, and until that time the library will continue to ring with the accents of coming Sothens and Booths.

* * * * *

Loyola High School is indeed grateful to Messrs. Brennan and Madaras for their beautiful lecture, which they gave at Woodland Library, February 9th, to the students and friends of the school. The lecturers displayed no small degree of excellence in the beauty of their language, and the force of their delivery. The illustrations were well chosen and beautiful. We cherish the fond hope of a visit from these gentlemen again.

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"It seems to me," muttered the Loyola philosopher, "that the people who have more money than brains are generally broke."

* * * * *

We are all Boosters at Loyola; the only one who knocks is opportunity, and she only knocks once.

* * * * *

Now that Lent is almost here, time will go "fast," and soon the Easter number of "LUMINA" and Spring—with its NEW LOYOLA!



How It Happened

Someone began it by remarking that the Driftwood column was rot—uninspired. This would have been all right if the matter had dropped there; but no, it reached the moderator in some unaccountable way and he readily agreed that it was true. But who was to blame? Ah, that was it, who could they blame? Since no one person was in charge of the column they couldn't pick on any one in particular. That's why they handed the job to me. So now, if the Driftwood column doesn't suit you, just jump on my neck.

Yours truly,

DRIFTWOOD EDITOR.

The Grub Grabbers

Scene: St. Ignatius' Lunchroom.

Time: Any class day at noon.

As the curtain rises a mighty mob is hoarsely shouting and making mighty efforts to get their hands on three worn-out looking, white-aproned young men who hurry hither and thither with bowls of soup and plates of meat and cups of steaming coffee. At least that is the impression a stranger would get on beholding this scene for the first time. Let us correct a few mistaken impressions.

In the first place the mob is not a mob nor is it mighty. In fact the might of the mob (we'll still call it a mob because mob is easier to pound off on the typewriter than multitude or crowd) is proportionate to the might of the mighty efforts of the mighty mob. (Just keep your head and you'll come out all right.) And if you want to know just how mighty are the efforts of the mighty mob, well they aren't quite mighty enough to induce the waiters (pardon us, we forgot to tell you that the three worn-out looking, white-aproned young men mentioned above are waiters) to produce the desired eats for which they are clamoring so loudly. (Well, there's part of the mistaken impressions unmistakened. Now we'll go on).



Now the mighty mob which is hoarsely shouting and making mighty efforts (you know what we mean, don't you?) to get their hands on the three worn-out looking, white-aproned young men are not making mighty efforts to get their hands on the three worn-out looking, white-aproned young men at all. That is, they're not trying to get their hands on the (of course) efforts all right but they're not trying to get their hands on the three worn-out looking, white-aproned young men; what they want are the bowls of soup and plates of meat and cups of steaming coffee. Now let us correct another mistaken impression you might receive if you stand some distance from the waiters (did we mention that the young men in question are waiters? yes? all right, go on.) The bowls of soup are in reality only half-bowls. (We don't mean that the bowls are broken off short or anything like that, but that they are only half full of soup.) By plates of meat we don't mean that the plates are made of meat but that there is some meat (never mind how much) on the plates. Same for the cups of steaming coffee.

No, that fellow has not a yellow suit nor is he wearing a new style of clinging effect clothes. His dinner of poached eggs on toast and coffee simply have been transferred from cup and plate to his coat and pants by some unmindful neighbor.

Don't let that clatter bother you; it was only one of the waiters dropping an armful of dishes.

Suddenly the boys discover that you, dear reader, are present. They turn about and as if to apologize for their unseemly conduct burst out in the following:



We've gorged ourselves on Plato
 'Till our heads are burning hot;
 Now a nice plate o' tomato
 Soup would hit the spot.

We've just devoured Livy,
 And torn him shred from shred;
 But a nice big plate of liver
 And gravy's great on bread.

Geometry's all right, sir,
 We think it very nice;
 But we'd rather find the angle
 Of a pie of generous slice.

They say that H_2O
 For drinking work is fine;
 We'd just as lief have coffee
 In our H_2O this time.

(Curtain)

A Freshman Flop

Professor: "John Gleason, will you please continue with the next few lines of Horace?"

Gleason: "I don't think I can, Professor. I'm not prepared."

Professor: "What's the matter, John, were you absent?"

Gleason: "No sir, but I was sick."

* * * * *

Overheard in the Office

"Hey is the gas going up there?"

"Sure."

"Where is it going?"

"It's going out, Smarty."

* * * * *

Bud Bungart, versatile sophomore, tries to out-Burbank Burbank by grafting doughnuts onto a rubber plant. He hopes thus to reduce the price of tires, since auto owners will be able to grow their tires on the back porch. More power to you, Bud!

* * * * *

Freshman Follies

Glavich trying to bum a cigarette.

Harry Nash making a stab at second bass in the Glee Club.

Happy Gallagher trying to snatch a snooze during English class.

Chuck Raynor attempting to refrain from saying, "Yes, Father."

Bill Moran pouring nitric acid on his pants "to see if it'll stain 'em."

Dooley Snyder "having a difficulty in" geometry.

Jim Gallagher depending on an alarm clock to get him to school on time.

Gray trying to convince a fellow-freshie that the molecular hypothesis is all wrong.

Tom Copp keeping track of his rubbers.

Doran and Fowler pulling off their latest vaudeville sketch.

Ambrose Gilbride "just wondering if he *did* win that gold-plated safety razor."

Sikorski trying to fix Jim Brennan's pipe.

Bill Keefe singing "Juanita" (or anything else, for that matter).

* * * * *

The Play

Well, it's all over. That great fire, which we have been preparing the last two months, burned with a blaze that lighted up the city. If you want to know how nice it was, read Tom Doran's College Notes. We will just mention here that there was enough fire, thunder and lightning to satisfy the youngsters, enough heroics to please the most ardent worshiper (f) enough "cur-r-rr-ses" to make the most listless sit up and



WHEN JIM COZZENS MOVED AROUND HE SOUNDED LIKE A FIRE DEPARTMENT.

ROY BOURGEOIS HAD A DISPOSITION LIKE A DOSE OF POISON

GEORGE WARTH ALMOST WRECKED THE SHOW WHEN HE BUMPED THE SWITCHBOARD WITH HIS LANCE AND BLEW OUT A FUSE.

CHUCK RAYNOR WAS A BEAR AT PUSHING OVER THE LADDER

BRICKEL FURNISHED SUPPORT WITH A LOG

IF THE AUDIENCE COULD HAVE SEEN THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE "FALLING" THEY WOULDN'T HAVE FELT THE THRILLS THEY DID

WALSH MADE AS MUCH NOISE AS A FOUNDRY.



DARN THOSE WHISKERS

STEVE FOERSTNER COULDN'T KEEP HIS TIGHTS UP

OW-OO-O GOOD NIGHT

KEGG'S LAUREL KEPT CUTTING HIS EARS.

BILLY WITTY MADE A SWEET LOOKING GIRL

TOM COPP'S BEARD KEPT COMING OFF

THESE THINGS GIVE ME A PAIN

MADARAS



shake, and enough humor to make the face of any confirmed grouch broaden into a smile.

Speaking of smiles, reminds us that the players had more occasion for laughter than they have had for a long time. Imagine Bud Bungart, trying to execute a graceful drop to the floor when pushed from behind; Happy Gallagher looking contented while lying on a litter of hard boughs, or Steamer Kegg making a sad effort to look the part of a dignified emperor, while a wreath of tin leaves persisted in chewing up his ears every time he blinked. It can't be done. And think of Bobby Briggs in an angel's outfit. Oo-eee!

Well we aren't going to give you a big line-up on the thing. If you weren't there, you should have been. However here are some

High Spots

Jim Cozzens made enough noise to qualify for a hook and ladder.

Whiskers were put on more easily than taken off.

Stage hands went Mother Nature one better, when they produced lightning without a bit of thunder.

When the temple of Cybele burnt down, it made so much smoke that it nearly choked the audience.

"What have you to say?" asked Danny Gallagher of Roy Bourgeois, when the aforesaid Danny forgot his lines.

"Gee! I didn't know what I did have to say," said Roy, when he recovered later.

Billy Whitty and Robby McCarthy showed themselves classy warblers.

Our s. c. hovered about the wings like a ghost, and the sketches on the next page are the result.

* * * * *

Oh, brown corncob pipe,

We have shared midnight hours.

A friend—not camel or snipe—

Oh, brown corncob pipe;

Then the cobwebs we wipe

From those fancies of ours.

Oh, brown corncob pipe,

We have shared midnight hours.

Bud Bungart.

* * * * *

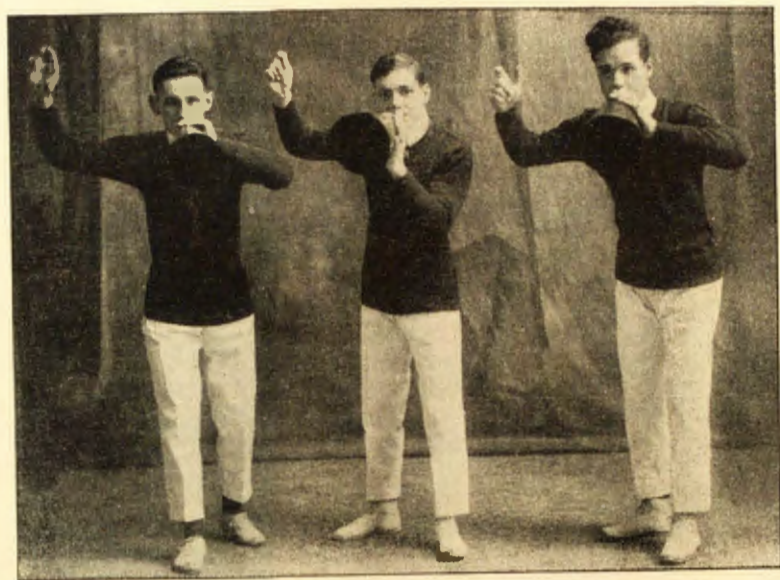
And now, boys, we must say "Auf wiedersehen" until April. That reminds us that a load of spring pomes is wanted about that time. Although we realize that the weather is very cold just now and the gas pressure is low, we would advise you to start right now and see if you can't get off some really clever stuff. Go down to the art gallery and stand before some beautiful painting which depicts that fair season in all its glory, whistling all the while Mendelsohn's "Spring Song," and you will be surprised at the results it brings. If you wish, we will let you take our rhyming dictionary. Don't expect too much from it, though.

EDWARD F. MADARAS, '18.



Varsity Basketball Team, '15-'16

Standing: T. A. Gallagher, Mgr., W. Dorsey, A. Harks, L. Sommer, D. Savage, Coach
 Sitting: T. W. Kegg, A. J. Murphy, R. Ripton



Our Cheer Leaders

Charles A. Holan

Edward F. Madaras

Julius J. Snyder

Athletic Notes

Ignatius 16—Niagara 32

Piloted by Manager Gallagher and Captain Murphy, the team invaded the hostile territory of Niagara University on Wednesday evening, December 8th, and there encountered, in a muscular fray, their fast and highly touted five. Our team was frightened by the fierce onslaught of the enemy at the start and they piled up the commanding score of 19-5 in the first half. But the boys staged a comeback in the second, scoring as many points as their now bewildered opponents. Captain Murphy was the star of the game, being ably seconded by "Rip." Fischer and Duggan played well for Niagara. Score:

Ignatius		Niagara
Ripton.....	R. F.....	Duggan
Sommers.....	L. F.....	Stoudt
Deering.....	C.	Ondovacek
Murphy.....	R. G.....	Fischer
Dorsey.....	L. G.....	Harlow

Baskets from field: Murphy 2, Ripton 2, Harks, Duggan 6, Stoudt 3, Harlow 2, Fischer.

Baskets from foul: Sommer 3, Ripton, Fischer 7.

* * * * *

Ignatius 25—Canisius 23

Beaten in points, but not in spirit the night before, the team returned to the "city of soap" after a pleasant day at the Falls, and engaged in another fray with our brothers of the east. The score does by no means bespeak the superiority of our five over the Canisius quintet, for the floor was not of the regulation size. But this barrier, in the steps of redeeming glory, made the contest more interesting, for the score at the end of the first half was Ignatius 17, Canisius 13. But again the boys came back strong and before five minutes of the second half had passed it was eviednt we were going to cop. Ed Hayes, our husky guard, was the bright light of the game. Donnelly played the stellar role for the Buffalojans. Score:

Ignatius		Canisius
Ripton, Dorsey.....	R. F.....	Donnelly, Manzella
Sommer.....	L. F.....	Cullen
Deering, Ripton.....	C.	Kellar
Murphy.....	R. G.....	V. Martin
Hayes, Kegg.....	L. G.....	W. Martin, Zimpfler

Field baskets: Ripton 4, Murphy 2, Deering, Hayes, Donnelly 2, Cullen 5, W, Martin.

Fouls: Sommer 9, Donnelly 5, Cullen. Referee, Justice.

* * * * *

Ignatius 23—Baldwin 22

The varsity, after their successful jaunt through the east, opened up its home season "with a win" over the fast and furious team of that school which keeps the fair Berea on the map. This was the first our followers had of seeing the varsity in action and they filled the spacious gym to overflowing. The game was a rip snorter and the victor was not conceded the spoils till the final blow of the whistle. This was Louie Sommer's first appearance and he showed so well that he gained a regular berth on the five. A. Sommer and Hayes did some spectacular caging. The star of this game was "nil," for all were stars.

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Ignatius 42—Kent 4

On Thursday, the 23rd, there came to Cleveland a team with "rep" like to that of Achilles when he came to Troy. But what a sad disappointment they were can be easily realized by the score. The visitors were unable to register a field basket and wended their weary way home content with four points, acquired by free throws. Walter Ganymede Dorsey, though a regular guard, acted in the capacity of a forward and starred, caging seven difficult field baskets. L. Sommer and "Rip" startled the visitors by some real classy passing and team work. Kohrman was the one bright spot on the Kent roster. Score:

Ignatius		Kent
Harks.....	R. F.....	Swigart
A. Sommer.....	L. F.....	Schneider
L. Sommer.....	C.	Kohrman
Kegg.....	L. G.....	Waters
Hayes.....	R. G.....	Neate

Substitutions: Ripton for Harks, Dorsey for A. Sommer, Murphy for Kegg.

Baskets from field: Dorsey 7, L. Sommer 6, A. Sommer 4, Ripton 2, Hayes, Murphy.

Fouls: Kohrman 4. Scorer: Hayes. Timer: D. Gallagher; Referee, Conner.

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Ignatius 22—Campion 23

After three successive victories the team at last had to sip from the bitter cup of defeat and indeed it was a bitter one to lose this, the best game played this season. Owing to the rivalry and the speed of the players, the conflict was the fastest ever witnessed on the home

gym. The score throughout was close, neither team ever leading by more than five points. The score, with just one-half minute to play, was Saints 22, Champion 21, when Red Wise made a shot and the ball covered with horseshoes, the largest halves of wishbones, and filled with rabbit feet, hit the drum, rolled around the rim, wavered a moment, and fell in with all the Saints' hopes and the game on top of it. L. Sommer and Walt A. Dorsey did some grand playing in this game and our guards were constantly on their men. Ratchen and Makenzie played a prominent part in dealing out our defeat. Score:

Ignatius	Campion
Dorsey.....L. F.....	Makenzie
A. Sommer.....R. F.....	Wise
L. Sommer.....C.	Ratchen
Hayes.....L. G.....	Zachman
Murphy.....R. G.....	McKenna

Baskets from field: Wise 4, Makenzie 3, Ratchen, A. Sommer 3, Dorsey 3, L. Sommer 2, Murphy.

Fouls: L. Sommer 4, A. Sommer 2, Makenzie, Wise 5, Zachman.
Scorer, Hayes; Timer, McDonald; Referee, Conner.

* * * * *

Ignatius 28—St. John 23

Sad, sad news it was to bring home to mother! But still the boys of the Mudhen City were the unwilling bearers of this sad news, and while travelling far from home, they found that in the bright lexicon of youth there is such a word as "fail."

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St. Ignatius 74—Cedarville 28

Phew! That game took our breath away! The worst story of German atrocities could not approach in vividness a true account of this game. These doughty boys from somewhere down state came clad in Princeton colors. But there the resemblance ceased. Our champions entered the lists and—but you know the rest.

Each of our fellows was a shining, glittering star, and of the first magnitude at that. Score:

St. Ignatius	Cedarville
Ripton.....R. F.....	Creswell
A. Sommer.....L. F.	Chestnut
L. Sommer.....C.	J. Collins
Kegg.....L. G.....	Kennon
Dorsey.....R. G.....	W. Collins

Field baskets: A. Sommer 11, Ripton 6, L. Sommer 6, Dorsey 4, Harks 4, Hayes 4, McClure 5, J. Collins 3, Creswell 3, Kennon, W. Collins.

Fouls: McClure 2.

Scorer, V. Gallagher; Referee, Conner.

Substitutions: Murphy for Kegg.

Ignatius 24—Heidelberg 27

In an overtime battle, which in every sense of the word was a battle, they succumbed before the final attack of the Tiffinites and were defeated 27 to 24. This was another of those gruelling contests lost in the last second of play. The Fates were against us and the gods decreed that we could not win, for more than twenty times did the ball hit the rim, roll around and fall off. This was Ray Ripton's big night. Besides being all over the floor at one time, he shot four of the prettiest field baskets seen this season. The score at the end of the assigned time was even—24 to 24. But in the five minutes Heidelberg scored three points, thereby putting the game on ice. Score:

St. Ignatius	Heidelberg
Ripton.....	R. F.....Sayger
L. Sommer.....	L. F.....Faust
Murphy.....	C.D'Arcy
Hayes.....	R. G.....Neff
Dorsey.....	L. G.....Mawhorter

Field goals: Ripton 4, L. Sommer, Hayes, Dorsey 2, A. Sommer, Kegg-Sayger 2, Faust, D'Arcy 4, Mawhorter 2.

Fouls: L. Sommer 4, D'Arcy 7.

* * * * *

Ignatius 20—Niagara 21

With a tear of regret in my eyes, I sit down to write up this game, sighing to myself the while. They did not deserve to win and indeed they didn't, for we outplayed them, but by no means outroughed them. This was the game we banked on winning since the prying off of the lid, and we didn't. Just imagine seven hundred around the floor shouting for us to win, and in spite of it all by the sheerest luck the boys from the Falls copped the game from us. The home team played a grand game and the visitors were awe-stricken by such team work, such speed. We were leading up until the last four minutes of play, then—"Bluey." Again like the rays of a lighthouse across the perilous sea, so a ray of hope inflamed our hearts and with the score 21 to 20 and ten seconds to play a foul was called on Fischer, but Rip failed in the crisis and the game was over. L. Sommer was our star, getting fourteen of our twenty points. Dorsey and Captain Murphy did some classy guarding and oftentimes Steamer Kegg demonstrated his Herculean strength. Lynch and Captain Fischer were the Niagara luminaries. Score:

St. Ignatius	Niagara
Ripton.....	R. F.....Staudt
L. Sommer.....	L. F.....Fischer
Murphy.....	C.Lynch

Kegg.....R. G.....Duggan
 Dorsey.....L. G.....Martin

Substitutions: Hayes for Kegg; A. Sommer for L. Sommer;
 Harks for A. Sommer.

Field baskets: Lynch 3, Martin 3, Duggan, Stoudt, Fischer, Rip-
 ton 2, L. Sommer 2.

Fouls: L. Sommer 9, A. Sommer 3, Lynch 3.

Referee: Snyder.

R. A. GALLAGHER, '18.

* * * * *

Ignatius 44—Kent Normal 10

On February 12th, the boys about duplicated their performance of a few weeks before, trouncing the Normalites to the tune of 44 to 10. This game was slow and was played on a very poor floor, or else the score would read 101 to 10 or something like that. A. Sommer showed the fair damsels a few things on how to drop them in, caging ten baskets from the field. Score:

St. Ignatius	Kent Normal
Ripton.....R. F.....	Schneider
A. Sommer.....L. F.....	Cort
L. Sommer.....C.	Mitchell
Kegg.....R. G.....	Waters
Dorsey.....L. G.....	Swigart

Fouls: Waters 2, L. Sommer, A. Sommer.

Referee: Ross.

* * * * *

Ignatius 16—U. of Detroit 27

On Saturday, January 22, the team traveled to the town of mid-night cabarets and proceeded to take up hostilities with the University there. The Detroiters, however, got the jump on our boys and piled up a lead of ten points in the first half, which our boys were unable to overcome. The second half was rough and viciously fought with both teams running neck and neck, and when the final gong sounded we were short eleven points. But, save up your pennies, for the boys came home with blood in their eyes and they are determined to cop on February 18, when the Detroiters will pay us a visit. No stars; it was cloudy that night. Score:

St. Ignatius 16	Detroit 27
Ripton.....R. F.....	Harbrecht
A. Sommer.....L. F.....	Maloney
L. Sommer.....C.	Voss
Kegg.....L. G.....	Marschke
Dorsey.....R. G.....	Le Febre

Field goals: Ripton 3, L. Sommer 3, Murphy, Harbrecht 5, Maloney 3, Voss 2, Marschke.

Fouls: L. Sommer 2, Harbrecht 5.

Referee: Smith.

* * * * *

Leagues

After the holidays three basketball leagues were formed. Class A is comprised of five teams for students from the fourth year up. The teams are as follows: Braves, Capt. Brooker; Giants, Capt. Craft; Cubs, Capt. Hayes; Reds, Capt. Culliton, and Cardinals, Capt. Deering. The fight for first place is a hot one. The Cardinals are leading, having won four out of five.

Class B is composed of five teams also, namely: The Senators, Capt. Robt. Craft; White Sox, Capt. Jacobsen; Tigers, Capt. Sullivan; Indians, Capt. O'Donnell; Browns, Capt. Jordan. In this league the Senators and the Browns are fighting it out for first place.

Finally there is the minim or Class C league, comprising all the future stars who will one day don the blue and gold and go forth to fight the battles of their alma mater. Seven teams go to make up this league: The Greeks, Capt. Habert; Scots, Capt. Corrigan; Spartans, Capt. Roth; Thebans, Capt. Slattery; Celts, Capt. McFadden; Romans, Capt. Bud Walsh; Persians, Capt. Fleming. The Romans have copped the honors thus far.

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All are anxiously awaiting the opening of the class league, which make their debut on the first day of Lent.

R. A. GALLAGHER, '18.

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Baseball

Rev. Father Rector has appointed as manager of this year's baseball team, John W. Kegg, '16. Arthur Brickley, '17, will act as assistant. Mr. Kegg is already busy endeavoring to outdo Porky Gallagher, who has the rep of compiling the best schedule in the history of the school. More power to you, Steamer.

RALPH A. GALLAGHER, '18.

Exchanges

We found a new smile shining on our desk this time, for Helianthos, true to its nature in keeping its joyful gaze fixed upon the source of light, has turned towards Lumina, reflecting some of the brightness absorbed beneath the sunny skies of Kansas. Like its elaborate namesake, it is marked with a richness of design that is almost tropical. The subject matter speaks well for the advancement made by the authors in English, bearing out the contention that girls cultivate better style than boys, since they spend the time with bonbons and books which their brothers spend with a football.

"The Evolution of a Book" is an interesting history of the processes which produced our present day books. It is written in a manner that commands attention. The author of "Faith as an Interpreter of Literature" impresses us with the fallacies in the reasoning indulged in by faithless critics. "The Carson Clock" reminds one of the beginning of "Much Ado About Nothing." An echo from the "barefoot bloomer days" rings in "The Price of a Ticket," so naturally that we murmur "*haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" "A House Party in a Log Cabin" is a pretty account of a still more pretty adventure.

The verse is all characterized by good thoughts framed in nicely selected diction, and above all they possess originality.

The editorials are timely, and instructive. "Carmel Chronicle" has a very sweet savor, and, like all honeyed things, is doubtless much relished by the students.

Perhaps the best criticism we can offer is this: Our august staff was nearly disrupted by plots and counter plots to be the first to read Helianthos.

Nevertheless we will always be pleased to find a fresh Helianthos shedding the golden fragrance of Kansas in our sanctum.

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The Dial

The Dial's Christmas issue is an example of excellence in the printer's art, and was heartily welcomed here. The number of good stories in it makes it a very attractive college organ. "The Star Reporter's Gift," breathes forth the usual good will of the season; a more striking climax would enhance this story considerably. "The Vengeance of the War God" preaches an eloquent sermon against the abuse of power. It deserves the distinction of being named the prize story. "The Day of Reckoning" is another example of "poetic justice," whilst the "Christmas Spirit" refutes the narrow belief of many who scoff at "man's humanity to man." The sublimity of Christ's

natal day comes home to the reader of "The Poetry of Christmas," as the author holds up for our admiration some of the gems of the poets' imagination, dwelling on this holy theme. The pretty thoughts of the verse are all clearly expressed in appropriate meter and diction. The editorials treat of live issues, and hold the reader's interest. The "reductio ad absurdum" is well employed to unmask the puerile folly of strict amateurism. A striking contrast is drawn between "Broad Men and Specialists," in a well written article, but we cannot see why the author would abolish specialization. All men who devote their efforts to one branch of endeavor are not made as narrow as a needle. For it is scarcely conceivable, that in draining the last dregs of a profession a man would close every other source of mental nourishment. Absolute specialization being an ideal condition does not enter into the discussion. A specialist may be an expert in one line, without being hopelessly at sea in all others; and even if his knowledge does not embrace much beyond his own sphere he is justly pardoned on the plea of close application to his life's work. An educated man is one who "Knows something about everything, and EVERYTHING about something." He must be a specialist. I do not say this in a spirit of antagonism, but in well meant criticism.

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Canisus

Canisius Monthly, as one would expect, has, from its past numbers, a very cheerful appearance. The verse is well written, besides containing excellent diction and thoughts. The Christmas stories deserve great praise for the simple, but interesting way, in which they are told. Their special merit lies in the fact that they are echoes from hearts filled with the spirit of Christmas. "The Fountain of Inspiration" is a very plausible tale of what wonders imagination can accomplish. The suspense insures the reader's constant attention. "Christmas in No. 38" teaches an admirable lesson in kindness, in a most acceptable and pleasing manner. "Gleanings from the Glen" are cheerful essays composed in a racy humorous style. The editorials could be more clear. We are always eager and glad to greet each issue of the Canisius Monthly.

* * * * *

Campion sends its Christmas greetings in a very pleasing and seasonable style. The articles are equally as excellent, but we would like to have seen more Christmas stories. "An Orthodox Santa Claus" is a pretty tale, whilst a lesson in kindness is taught in the "Story Contest," the observance of which would make school life much more pleasant. The cravings of a rich youngster to be a "regular guy" are told most naturally in "The Lost Lamb."

But narration does not constitute all the matter of Campion. There is a very creditable "Study of De Quincy." It explains most

clearly the striking peculiarities of his style, and does so quite interestingly. After reading this essay one will watch closely, when perusing De Quincy for proof of the strangeness of his style. More articles like the present one would be sure to promote active attention in reading. The Book Review is a searching criticism.

* * * * *

It also gives us great pleasure to acknowledge the following: Fleur De Lis, Loyola University Magazine, Marquette University Journal and The Niagara Index.

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